THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Theatrical Exhibitions.

But now my mighty opponent
A Quaker habit hath put on—
Truth cries farewell to argument,
And honesty is gone.—*Unknown.*

MESSRS. EDITORS,—As a pressure of business has rendered it inconsistent for me to forward these remarks in reply to the communication signed "Liberalitas" earlier,—as my observations on this subject have been brief and desultory heretofore; and as these are the last thoughts upon this theme I shall urge on your patience, I hope these will find indulgence both with you and your readers.

Before answering the piece under consideration, I will endeavor to reduce it to separate propositions, as by this course I shall save myself the trouble of replying to such parts as have no relation to the subject of controversy.

1. Your correspondent supposes me in a passion, and, with a happy turn of wit, lugs in the apothegm of the Quaker, which appears with as good grace at the head of his sentiments, as the simple sheep-fleece upon the back of a wolf. That I was in anger, however, he partly believed from *experience*, and partly feigned to justify the epithets he bestowed on me with a profusion which becomes his signature.

2. He misapprehends my remarks concerning Addison, Cicero, &c. I only stated that these men were never satisfied with the stage as it existed, but like the HONEST supporters of theatres at the present day, ever cried "reform, reform."

3. The next paragraph, shorn of its trappings, which prove nothing but the ingenuity of the writer, simply means this—*If* the cases are parallel, and *if* free institutions have rendered worse the condition of the South Americans, (which remains to be proved)—*if* there be a conclusion, what is it!!! Why, for aught the writer sees, theatrical exhibitions are in some respects like free institutions. A writer, like "Liberalitas," able as he is to dress in the richest drapery of composition a subject which admits it, ought to see in the badness of his cause the reason why he is driven to such expedients in its defence. Will my opponent tell me what theatres *have effected?* What have they done for the State of Vermont? What assistance did the settlers of New-England derive from this institution? What have they done!! Listen for your reply at the grates of the felon-hold! But expect it not in the wire-drawn position, "They may not be pernicious."

4. As I am writing neither a dictionary nor a chronicle, my opponent will forgive my silence on the subject of translations, since, whether comedians were EXPELLED or *neglected*, they would have left the city. And with regard to my "historical blunders," the question lies between my opponent and my authors, the names of whom I gave.

5. In the remainder of his remarks, "Liberalitas" introduces the abuse of Christianity, an argument hackneyed and worn by the infidel, the freemason, the anti-mason, and every partisan of every other sect; which argument only proves that men may act contrary to their own creed. The cases are about as nearly parallel as a pentagon and a semi-circle. And now with these remarks I have done, only I regret that the writer so far forgot himself as to waste the time in "correcting the vagaries of this modern Phæton," which he had designed to devote to an essay in favor of Theatrical Exhibitions.

Having now as briefly, as respect for my opponent would permit, noticed his remarks, I must again use freedom of expression, though again it may termed 'the fretful rant of bigotry.'

I now subjoin a summary of my objections to theatrical exhibitions, some of which may have been brought into view heretofore, as I wrote without arrangement—after which I submit the subject to the candor of the reader.

1. The plays exhibited, in many instances, contain sentiments such as would scarce be tolerated in a kennel of dram-drinkers. In the whole of Shakespeare, there is not a drama which your correspondent would not blush to be thought capable of reading throughout, in his own domestic circle. He has quoted sentences from plays which contain others that would disgrace the ledger of a brothel. "But," I shall be told, "the objectionable parts are expurgated." If your correspondent wishes, I can furnish him a list of plays *which have been acted* at Park Theatre, New-York, than to read which in respectable female society, he would sooner sign a libel upon his own reputation.

2. If theatres are designed to furnish amusement alone, the very expression forbids their becoming a *business*. Yet such they have been, such they are. If to impart instruction, for the love of candor tell us wherein they have succeeded. What was their effect upon Sir Mat-

thew Hale, the philosophic jurist, who, upborne by his integrity and talents, outrode the waves of faction lashed to foam by the ascendancy of three successive monarchs of Britain? He himself hath declared, that, while under their influence, his mind remained in a state of extreme listlessness, imbecility and utter disinclination to every pursuit calculated to exalt and improve its energies. The only knowledge they inculcate, is the science of sin; the only notions of order, unlimited obedience to the passions; and the only lessons of continency, a total recklessness of all that is hallowed in the name, WOMAN! The theatre! No female acquainted with a moiety of the hell-imagined *dramas* in real life to which it has given birth,—I say no female whose heart can claim the least acquaintance with sympathy for her sex, but at the sound of the word instinctively clings to the image of her own delicacy, and inwardly imprecates the lightnings of heaven upon the institutions where hundreds of her first deluded, and finally abandoned sisters, imbibed those sentiments, which, in the issue, fitted them for a life of death in the charnel-houses of the living.

But I am called upon for my authority. I present our public journals—these, perhaps, are *religious*, and so forsooth may not be relied on. I adduce personal conversation with the author of the Scientific Tracts, Boston.—The report of Dr. Tuckerman, Unitarian City Missionary, of the same place. Alas! all who give information against theatres, have the misfortune to disapprove of them. Away! my antagonist! Away with an institution, concerning which, all you can attempt to prove is, *it may not be pernicious.* I wonder not that you chose in your last to expose my supposed errors in chronology, rather than to *expose* argument in a case so hopeless.

3. The influence of these exhibitions upon the *mind*, is unhallowed in every respect. This fact, although alluded to before in the course of my remarks, I have never yet presented in its length and breadth. No truth ever found a more general and hearty acquiescence, than that of the injurious tendency of works of fiction when the mind becomes inordinately attached to them. And why? Because by keeping it in a state of unnatural ferment, they destroy that equilibrium of mental powers, without which, as far as useful and ennobling actions and enterprises are concerned, a man has no superiority over his own effigy. If such be the influence of fiction speaking through the medium of the inanimate page, what must be the penetration—penetration! would not even the stupidity of this advocate of the stage perceive the unhinging tendency of fiction, coming upon the soul through the medium of animated, once human, beings; accompanied with every thing that can render error palatable, imposing, overwhelming—unless his was the mind whose *judgment* is warped into the rear of *inclination?* Is the man believed who alleges that he *cannot discern* the dismembering influence of an analogous excitement upon the corporeal system, to the one we are now considering?

4. Although in the *nature* of their effects on the intellect, between these exhibitions and works of fiction there obtains a clear, close resemblance; in *degree*, we discern a dissimilarity, marked, wide. The mind that wearies the solitude of night over the page of romance, if excited, finds no object for the gratification of its passions, save the ghost of its own imaginings. Not so with the attendant on the theatre. Each unhallowed desire, each unblessed propensity in his bosom, goaded into fury by the passion-waking representations of the stage, views within its grasp the object on which to sate itself, and hurries its passive minions thro' the flimsy barrier of his morals with a power resistless, uncompromising, as the hunger which eats through a wall; or rather as the maddened ocean rending from its base the cobweb dyke, exults in the bellowing pride of its own chainless supremacy. Are these, I am asked, facts? and yet Lafayette, Jefferson, Monroe, and my opponent's long, thrice-repeated catalogue of names, (I should have said arguments) found on the list of those who have been welcomed to the theatre with clamorous joy? Would to heaven this were the only subject on which the great, the good have erred! I joy, moreover, in the rejoicing manifested when those venerable men entered the polluted walls, since that alone proves that with them attendance on the theatre was not habitual. Who, at the present day, lingers a moment in search of argument against temperance movements, upon the list of eminent ministers of the gospel who once gave sanction by their own practice to doctrines of an opposite character?

5. And now I call for an instance where one individual has proved an exception to the above remarks, who has been *blessed* with any thing like a regular attendance on theatres. If one cannot be given, I tremble not for the consequences of the tiny abuse and the irrelevant epithets my opponent may heap upon me. The youth first goes to the theatre from curiosity, afterward, for the pleasurable excitement in which his passions are held, and unless friends or circumstances interpose he is invariably, inevitably lost. He soon arrives at that stage of mental inebriation, in which the interference of friends is spurned; the remonstrances of indi-

gence, silenced by felony; the clamors of conscience drowned in ardent spirits; the vigor of his frame wasted by vicious indulgence which devils would blush to confess;—he hangs upon the wheels of society a putrid clog, until death relieves his friends by forestalling justice, and

Hurls his spirit to its gloomy home!

Of this engine of mental degradation—this corrosive of happiness, social and domestic, I now take my leave. More I should have added but for two reasons;—first, my limits will not permit; and second, I have no hope fully to delineate the effects of an institution, the influence of which will remain untold while the undying spirits of the damned shall continue in being, and the victims of their own infatuation can shriek the name of the instrument of their ruin.

G.

The Evening Hour.

Sweet is the breath of dewy morn,
And sweet the music of that hour;
The song of birds from brake and thorn,
By warbling streams and shady bower.

And sweet the music of the wind
Stealing along the midnight sky;
And softly soothing to the mind,
The noise of waters rippling by.

But evening's hour is brighter far
Than the soft breath of rising morn;
Sweeter to gaze on her bright star,
Than list to song from brae or thorn.

Oft have I rov'd where waters stray,
Through winding banks and shady trees,
When looks and tones now far away,
Came floating on the evening breeze.

And I would sit where waters flow,
Beneath the pale moon's mournful gleam,
And there forget the plaint of wo,
In the soft murmur of the stream.

And there each restless thought should find
A quiet in the troubled breast;
And the deep sorrowing of the mind
Should cease, and leave the heart at rest.

AUBREY.

Home.

THERE is no trait more common or more amiable in the human character, than the attachment each individual feels for his native place. With what resistless, tender, and soul-subduing influence does the remembrance of past scenes and pleasures rush upon the mind? Our native hills and vallies, the murmuring rills, the groves, the fields, which witnessed the sportings of our youthful years, come up before the imagination arrayed in all their beauty. From the lonely retreat of our own hearts, we look back with tender affection to the sacred spot where repose the ashes of our departed kindred and friends. Feelings are awakened, as we linger over the grassy hillocks, which mark the spot where lie the remains of those, whom oblivion will never erase from our recollection, which language forbears to describe. In this pious meditation, we feel a kind of pleasant melancholy steal over our souls, which we would not exchange, for all the glittering joys of worldly and transient amusements. It is in such a train of thought that we enjoy the sweets of solitude. Far from the noise of the world we may with peculiar sensations, visit those scenes rendered dear by a thousand interesting considerations. But awaking from the reverie, we find ourselves, not in this enchanted place, but in a far distant land, surrounded by strangers. In vain we look around for the companions of our youth. All is lonely and desolate. Tell us not the air around us is perfumed with odors—that the gentle zephyr brings health upon its wings—that the mantle of nature is spangled with flowers of the richest dye—that the vast creation bids us rejoice; for neither gales bringing odors, nor the balmy breath of the zephyr, nor nature's fairest livery, can equal the air, the beauty, and the pleasures of our native land.

PHILO.

The First and Last Acquaintance.

(Concluded.)

He was young
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons;—that was he!
From "The Leper."

A STRONG prepossession, I have said, had fixed itself in my breast in favor of Monfred; and I felt an interest in the Hilton family, deep and decided.

Anticipation paints futurity upon the mind in colors the richest and the brightest, so that the reality seldom answers to its picture. But when, as it sometimes happens, our real enjoyment exceeds our highest hopes, the mind is almost surcharged with pleasurable emotion. I waive an attempt to describe the sensation, yet I felt its movings in my soul, when, at the going down of the day after that in which occurred the event before described, I found myself seated at the evening board with Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, James and his sister, Monfred and his friend Gaylord—the youth who had manifested so much interest in his fate, and two interesting young ladies from a distance.

Never have I met with a family in which each member appeared to be so familiar with his

proper sphere, or to perform with so much precision, the duties which pertained to that in which he was placed; and yet with a punctilious observance of what was proper and expedient, was combined that freedom and ease necessary to enjoyment.

My father left P— on his return the morning after our arrival. As the carriage moved away, and he gave a more than usually animated wave of the hand, I felt a kind of nameless loneliness, an indescribable vacancy around the heart. But the business of the day, and more particularly the kindness and character of the family at whose board I was so happy as to gain a seat, contributed much to relieve my mind from every unpleasant feeling. Days and months glided away like a stream whose waters are so bright that we almost weep because they will not stay in their course and suffer us to gaze long and admiringly. Days and months passed away, in which I enjoyed the

> Loves, friendships, hopes and dear remembrances—
> The kind embracings of the heart—and hours
> Of happy thought—and smiles coming to tears—
> And glories of the heaven and starry cope
> Above, and glories of the earth—
> ——— which I may ne'er again enjoy.

Not dissimilar are the recollections of that bright portion of life, and the memory of the dead. The mind lingers in one instance with pleasure upon the reminiscences of the events which contributed so much to enlighten the path of life with the beams of happiness, bright and joyous; in the other, upon the remembrance of the virtuous passages in the life and character of those who sleep upon their death-pillows, and heed nor time, nor change. But the mariner cannot always enjoy a calm sea and cloudless sky. Life has its toilsome by-ways interspersed among its pleasurable paths, and memory must present with her dreams of gladness, her darker visions, full and impressive. Summer's brightest heaven cradles the blackest storm.

Years passed away after I left the scenery at P—, and the beloved and long remembered friends with whom I there had become acquainted. I had experienced the joys and sorrows of college life, and was pursuing that interesting study—the study of the world.

As the sun sunk upon the bosom of Lake Erie, a cloud arose and spread across the heavens, as if it fled from the presence of the day-monarch. "The appearance of the sky and water bodes no good," said the mate with an air of more than usual interest. And that night witnessed that he knew the approach of danger in lake navigation, while yet at a distance. We were driven upon the beach far from any harbor, but without loss of life.

Night fled and the tempest went back to its dismal home. The sun was coursing up in heaven, as we entered a village on our way to the nearest port. We were obliged to tarry at an inn of no inviting aspect till the next day, and to while away the hours I sought for amusement in a ramble to the lake shore.

Events which we consider of the least importance often open the widest door to joy or sorrow. After wandering till a kind of weariness and thirst came upon me, I called at the door of a log-house, whose appearance was below mediety, to ask a cup of water. This action prompted by an impulse slight and careless, carried me back to other days, spread a diversified field for reflection and produced an impression which time can never obliterate. There in poverty's arms I saw Jane Hilton—Mrs Monfred, care-worn, yet beautiful in her sorrow. She told me her story. I would but cannot repeat it. At my request little Jane and George came and sat upon my knee. I could see the parents as they were at our first acquaintance, in the children, and to look upon them opened many a fountain of the heart that had long been dried up. Mrs Monfred loved them and their father with a soul attachment.—But oh! inebriation!

After spending some time with Mrs M. I prepared to depart and ventured to ask for George, for it seemed that I should find him *George*, still. She answered with a feeling far beyond tears, that he was "probably at the Black Fox"—the inn where we had stopped. Being about to leave she took my hand and drew from me a promise, to stay a few days at W.—on my return from Detroit.

I walked slowly back to the village, with reflections of a thousand different natures struggling for mastery in my breast. Night came, and that night I saw him who was once George Monfred. Must I proceed?—The once noble light of his countenance was shaded—was gone. His firm and powerful sinews were relaxed. His free and elastic form seemed encumbered with its own weight. I saw him and he recognized me. For a moment there appeared to be a mighty struggle in his breast; then methought I could see George—the young, the affectionate, the noble George, but soon—soon he sunk back to what the worship of the wine-god had made him. I sometimes fancied I could see a ray of something like hope flit across his features, but it passed away like the glances of an autumn sun, as the flying clouds drive thickly before them. The demon of wine lurked in his lurid eyes, the fires of hell flamed from his bloated cheek and his breath was as a breathing from the lower world.

I saw Monfred in his youth—his youth was

bright and glorious. I saw him in his manhood and this was—my last acquaintance. I know no more of George Monfred only—he is dead.

MYRON.

The Farewell.

When in blissful scenes gay companions meet,
And oft in sportive mirth their joys repeat;
Oh, then in friendship's lovely path we'll stray
And fondly strew with love the rosy way.

When gen'rous fortune smiles upon our home
And gently bids the joyous pleasures come;
Oh, then with purest, sweetest bliss we know
The height of pleasure, and of joy below.

When far away to distant lands we go,
The parting sigh will heave, the tear will flow;
The swelling heart in trembling tones will say,
Farewell! we meet no more when far away.

Then does the rent heart palpitate with fear,
And from the eye-lid melts the softening tear;
The mind all mournful views its native earth,
That dear, that sacred spot of its own birth.

Still will its virtue and its friendship live,
Endeared by every tie that hope can give;
And still in its sweet memory retain
The hope of joy and bliss—the fear of pain.

Alas! alas! in that dread solemn hour,
The soul departing to return no more;
What spirit can endure—what tongue can tell
"The hearts keen anguish, at the last farewell."

Dissolving nature clings to joys of earth,
No more to revel here, in scenes of mirth;
The trump of death shall ring the parting knell,
The struggling spirit shall respond 'farewell!'

ALONZO.

Progress of Improvement.

Often do we hear it asserted, and well too, that it is folly to doat and calculate on futurity. Yet it is reasonable and proper to look into years yet to come, and judging from the past, to form ideas of the future. And after taking a retrospective view of the progress of improvement through all the past ages of the world, is it not possible to determine at least with some small degree of exactness, what it shall be in future time, although our views of futurity, may often prove to have been wild and exaggerated? And could the fanciful predictors of one age, who carefully judged from the past, be permitted to visit those future incidences concerning which they prophesied, might they not even find what they predicted more than realized? Moreover, in the past, our reflections find an ample field for their employ, and viewing the various events and improvements of past ages, by various means and in various respects, it affords an intellectual feast to look forward to ages yet to come, and with the pencil of fancy, picture to our minds, what shall then transpire.

From the earliest ages of society down to the present moment, improvement has ever been progressive. That it has been checked and restrained in numberless instances, is certain; but on the whole its movement has been onward in every age. Its fires may have been in a measure suppressed, yet they have been continually resuscitated and gaining additional force; and tho' they may have been smothered in some places, they have burst forth into mighty flames in others, defying all attempts to suppress them. But to dwell upon the times when, and the instances in which, improvement has progressed or been retarded, will at once be perceived would swell a volume. We therefore briefly notice the progress of improvement in but one particular, viz. in national intercourse; which may be said to effect improvement in every thing else.

In the first ages of the world, mankind being in a rude and uncultivated state, their intercourse was attended with extreme difficulty, and is no more to be compared with that of the present day, than the imperfect walk of a tottering infant to the sprightly strides of a vigorous man; and even as late as the days of Greece and Rome, the grand seats of ancient literature, we find the intercourse of nations in a very imperfect condition; and even then oceans and seas, now esteemed the highway of nations, on which to traverse the world, by most of mankind were considered immense barriers, designed by Omniscience to prevent the intercourse and interference of nations. As improvement in this particular has progressed, so it has proportionably in almost, if not quite, every other respect.

If, then, improvement has ever been progressive, may we not reasonably suppose it will be in times to come? Surely we must come to such a conclusion. What do the exertions that are made to improve every department of life, and employment of mankind indicate? What mean the mighty efforts that convulse the christian and civilized world to carry the light of revelation, and the blessings of science to all the children of men? What mean those revolutions that shake the nations of the earth—that hurl kings from their thrones, and destroy haughty dynasties? They inform us in language too plain to be misunderstood, that our world shall be universally exalted—that every business susceptible of improvement among mankind shall be bettered—that all nations, tribes, ranks and conditions of men shall be christianized and refined; that nations shall be enfranchised, and governments reformed.

Look at what has been done in the western hemisphere since its discovery, and the momentous events of the eastern in the same time, and infer what shall be brought about centuries

hence. Be informed that civilization and true religion shall reign predominant where now the undisturbed forest waves, and the lawless savage roams; that Europe shall rise to higher grades of refinement, Asia be civilized, Africa henceforth not shrouded in barbarity, superstition and ignorance, and the light of science and religion beam upon the islands of the sea.

Then shall the advantages of light, truth and erudition be enjoyed by the land-men and the sailor, in the city and country, on the mountain and in the vale, by the black and the white, the Indian and the Tartar. Then shall the Antipodes and the Antoeci hold uninterrupted, perpetual intercourse together; and from the extreme east to the far west, and from one extreme pole to the other, shall the whole world, as one general family, participate in the general blessing.

T. F.

An old Warrior's Death.

He stood on the field all undaunted and fair,
And the banner he raised in his hand;
He was bravely followed to the battle there,
By a firm and gallant band.

In the camp, on the field, to the battle's blast,
His glorious years have sped;
But he gained a warrior's bier at last,
Where glory circled his head.

There were many that fell around their chief,
On the field all red and gory;
But low were their complaints and brief,
For they set in a halo of glory.

At his step the soldier's heart beat high,
His voice the warrior knew;
The last to delay when the foe was nigh,
Was he the brave and the true.

Now let him sleep—for his work is done,
He well hath borne the blade;
From the battle-field of his fame he hath gone,
To the grave his deeds have made.

H.

Sketches on the Ocean.

[CONTINUED.]

We left the Racer floating with the rapid stream, unaided in her course by any other element than that on which she rode with so much grace and dignity. We must leave the transaction of the other six hours to be filled with the active imagination of the reader, (if perchance there should be any,) with such clews for his guidance as we dropped in our last.

The thirteen guns, in commemoration of the day, were discharged when the sun had reached the meridian, nor did the viands of the well-served table, lose any of their relish from the situation in which we left her. As the shadows of the mast lengthened on the calm surface of the water, by the declination of the sun, the breeze, which had during the day left them to the uncomfortable heat of the water, unshaded by its pressure, began to rise; the loftiest sails swelled out and flapped upon the yards, for a while, till its increasing pressure urged the fabric onward.

"He shows his fore-foot, Jackson, with a stiff wind off southerly: he's close in the eye of the wind, bearing down upon us." "The caps rise stern of him—I fear me he'll bring the wind with him." The vessel which occasioned these observations from the worthies of our brig, was an object of much interest to such as occupied an inferior situation. Sundry broken speeches fell from the lips of Thompson, and the analogy of former scenes was here related and considered; which though interesting from the characteristic language of the speakers, would throw no additional light on the tale.

It not unfrequently happens that seamen, when the wind first rises after a calm, have the mortification of seeing those far behind in their course, rapidly advancing upon them under a heavy pressure of sail, while their own bark is scarcely influenced by the element. Often has the mariner, particularly in seasons of danger, or when the credit of his craft will be affected, vented his impatience by hasty strides upon his deck, and by interjections of a peculiar nature to his unfortunate stars. It was perhaps from some cause of this kind which directed the anxious glances of our companions whence the ship appeared so rapdily gaining upon them. The crew of the forecastle held little or no communication with the officers of the quarter-deck but what was requisite for the management of the brig, and these thoughts were communicated to each other in low and brief whispers.

"Mr. Jackson we must be close on Salt Key, the stream—north clear three knots." "Hallo aloft there! what off lee bow?" shouted Jackson through the trumpet.—"All clear, sir."—"Come aft here some of ye and man the after sheets—let's try a pull on the other tack—we'll have his wind soon." The command brought the men to the stations marked out. "This will turn into a south-easter," said the superior, casting an eye to that quarter of the heavens, "which seldom give a chance to bear topsails, if we have a cap full before the fellow hails us. By standing down south-easterly we show a clear wake, and clear him after night-fall. Hard a port—hand up."—The vessel gracefully obeys her helm, and the yards coming in the eye of the wind, the sails impatiently flapped upon the masts to which they were severally confined. "Tacks and sheets," shouted Byrnes, when he saw his finely wrought fabric in a situation proper for the order. The whole field of canvass

swung with the yards in a situation to receive the wind; the ropes passing with a whizzing noise through their respective blocks. The other sails underwent the same movement; the brig so altering her course as to leave their neighbors now in a dangerous proximity immediately in their wake. When the eyes of the two principal seamen, found every rope in a proper place, they sought the approaching ship unfolding a row of frowning cannon, to observe what would be their movements. "The fellow knows our character as well as the signature on his own charter: See, he's coming down on us; we must run her in the Cove, or we will fare the worse for it. A pirate, Mr. Jackson, seldom gets more for his professions from the laws of the colonies, than a rope's end hitched under the right ear." "He's got a full deck for his craft, and a clever battery to manage withal—he's coming round—if he give us a fair chace at the wind—" "Call up the other watches; we'll have surly work in an hour for double our numbers—and let your piece, Thompson, be well charged for a long stretch."

The ship now evidently in chace of the one which Byrnes commanded, was but half a mile distant, and presented a handsome specimen of marine architecture. Her dark and small hulk appearing to be hardly able to support the bulk of her swelling canvass, upon which the rays of the departing sun were playing; with a press of sail filled with a wind though not heavy, that was continually increasing, she was following the wake of the Racer—now, too, enjoying a breeze which promised to lengthen the race to a great degree, and perhaps enable her to escape from the unwelcome neighbor during the shades of the coming night.

The gilded prow of the pursuing vessel, as it divided the blue water through which it was so rapidly propelled, was plentifully washed by the salt foam of the element on which she floated. A multitude of heads were visible upon her deck, passing to and fro, in the discharge of various duties. Her commander was standing on the poop of his ship, watching through his glass the movements of the vessel he chased; and which the reader must already have anticipated, was none of that craft whose license was written on parchment.

The lazy swells of the morning had given place to the broken and foaming waves, which a strong wind always produce. "There comes a messenger from his majesty's cruiser—Stiff breeze and no favors." A moment passed after the flashing of a gun from the deck of the ship, before the deadened report of a cannon reached the ears of those aboard the Racer. "Three cheers for that, my lads," said Thompson, when sufficient time had elapsed to show that no injury was received. "I bet my birth silver-tongue speaks a better language for us."

It might have been the force of chance or superior skill that so ably directed the contents of this piece of Thompson, which had ever been regarded as the favorite of the crew, since its transportation from the deck of a captured coaster, and introduction to the small but handsome battery of the Racer. The circumstances of this capture had raised considerable ado among the good ones of the continent. Rumor had declared, and by some carelessness, perhaps of the printers, the public papers had announced that no less than $15,000 was concealed in the cabin, under the care of the captain. However that may be, nothing had been heard or seen of her, since her departure from the harbor of Charleston, and curiosity had been put to sleep by the time when the report of a few adventurous seamen, stating they had discovered a hulk stripped of its masts and tackling, skuttled, lying around the extremity of some elevated rock, among the islands of the Indies, forming a cove dangerous on its approach, and indeed not discoverable until almost within its mouth—had a second time awakened an unavailing curiosity.

But whether it were fortune or skill, the consequences were of such a nature as considerably to elevate the tone of feeling of all the witnesses. It arose, perhaps, from the disordered appearance of a portion of the foremast, dangling for an instant under the influence of the wind—dropping a short distance—and becoming entangled with the rigging. "Another word as well spoken, sends him to London dock yard, for a new outfit for his timbers—He's waking up—He loves to hear his guns crack, or" —"mayhap he's practising marines. They say, smelling powder on salt-water, makes the lubbers crazy." The grim features of the assembled crew relaxed under the facetious observation of Thompson; and scarcely was the report of his gun more loud than the long and hearty peal which passed along the deck.

The Racer returned the continual fire of her pursuer, with few but well-directed discharges; and though much of the canvass of the ship was severely injured, yet the success attending her fire, spoke her gradual approach, which even could a close engagement be avoided, threatened to frustrate the hope of escaping through the darkness of the night.

[*Concluded in the next No.*]

"Amicus" and the author of the Eastern Tale, will find place in our next No. Our correspondents, we hope, will need no caution on

the subject of punctuality: if their pieces were handed in earlier, we should be spared much embarrassment. Manuscripts must be *written*, we repeat; they must be *legible*, or the writers may expect to see their productions misprinted.

EDS.

Oh! Mourn Her not.

Oh! mourn her not—she sought a rest
In yonder heavenly realms of light,
Where the spotless spirits of the bless'd,
Ling'ring in their birth-hour flight,
Drink of the streams of purest bliss
From the holy cup of happiness.

The soul has fled this raging storm,
And wing'd its way to yon bright abode—
We 're left to gaze her lifeless form,
Yet mourn her not—creation's God
Has bid her leave this world and see
The happy home of eternity.

Though nature's harp with its hundred strings
Tunes a lonely wail o'er the voiceless dead,
Still mem'ry's syren sweetly sings
The joyful hours with her, who fled
From the trembling shade of this transient night
To the golden streams of eternal light. HENDRICK

Items of News.

The latest foreign intelligence gives note that troublous times are at hand throughout Europe. There is, we believe, no considerable kingdom on the continent (with the exception of Russia) in which the deep and portentous stirrings of faction are not now felt. Nor is Great Britain altogether at ease. In Ireland, especially, the recent arrest and indictment of O'Connel, and several other agitators, has wrought up the disaffection of the Irish to the highest pitch. It is acknowledged that a crisis is at hand in the ill-fated country of Emmet and Curran. They boldly declare that if these public favorites are punished, (as doubtless they will be,) "blood shall flow in the streets of Dublin." There is little doubt but that the military force would put down an insurrection of the peasantry; yet it is to be remembered, that in every contest between a people and their oppressors—or those rulers who are made to appear to them as such—whatever may be the immediate result, the tendency will inevitably be to weaken the spirit of loyalty, and greatly enfeeble the arm of government.

In France, we should think the government becoming rather more stable, though it seems to us that some popular foreign war is necessary to get rid of the elements of domestic discord. It is rumored that the Duc de Nemours, second son of Louis Philip, is to be chosen king of Belgium. Things are quite unsettled in this state. Placards had been posted in Brussels in favor of the Prince of Orange, and there were other strong indications of a counter insurrection, against the provisional Congress.

Vigorous exertions are making by the Poles to maintain their independence against the Northern Bear. A meeting has been held in London to sympathize with the brave Poles, and a subscription raised in their behalf: the more liberal of the French deputies strongly insist that their government ought to arm in defence of Poland. Lafayette, also, who probably possesses more influence than any other man in France, urges to this course. But unless they have some foreign aid, it would seem that the Poles must be crushed in a single campaign. An army of 80,000 Russians is about to enter Southern Poland, and another force, considerably larger, with heavy trains of artillery, it is expected will descend upon Warsaw.—We have the cheering recollection, however, that there is a Power who will sooner or later avenge the oppressed.

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Turning from the old world to the new, and particularly to our own republic, we see a degree of prosperity and an increase of national greatness and happiness, altogether unexampled in the history of nations. Revolutions are indeed going on among us, to an extent and with a power which have been rarely felt; but while they are far more glorious and enduring in their results than the revolutions which are now shaking all Europe, they are free from battles and death and full of joy and peace. Revivals of religion are now going forward in the state of New-York, to an extent probably never before known. The revival in Rochester alone is said to have already resulted in 2500 conversions. In Yale College is a great revival, in Union, also, with Williams, Bowdoin, the Western Reserve and Kenyon Colleges; and unless we are greatly mistaken, it will be seen ere long, that the Spirit of Truth is very near to other of our Seminaries. In places thirty and forty miles south, and in at least two towns adjoining this, events are transpiring every day, the recital of which cannot fail to agitate the stoutest heart! It is a most eventful period in which we live.

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The Hon. Rollin C. Mallary, the distinguished Representative in Congress from this district, has been dangerously sick the past winter in Washington,—but is now, we believe, on his way home and recovering.

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